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REMARKS  
OF  
HON. ISAAC SIEGEL,  
OF NEW YORK,

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

*July 1, 1916.*

Mr. SIEGEL. Mr. Speaker, the President has suddenly reached the conclusion that it was urgent that the National Guard be sent to the Mexican border, and at the same time that the men be required to take the Federal oath, so that if the necessity arose they could be sent into Mexico. It must not be forgotten that a large number of these men are married and dependent upon their weekly earnings for the support of their families. When they enlisted in the National Guard they were moved by the highest patriotic sentiments and voluntarily gave up many pleasures in attending drills, target practice, and camping, which many of these critics have never thought of doing. These men have the spirit of '76, although answering the Nation's call of 1916. They are and have at all times been ready to make sacrifices of the highest order, but has it come to the point that when their families need bread that the only place they can get it is from the bread line, where vagrants and those who do not care to work usually go? I do not believe that we have reached that state as yet. These men have answered the call of the greatest and richest Republic of the world, and it is the duty of the Nation to take care of their families. These men are leaving their firesides, factories, and farms to do their duty to the entire United States, and not merely for the sake of defending one hamlet or city. One might just as well say that Arizona, Texas, and New Mexico should pay all the expenditures which have or may hereafter be incurred in protecting the lives, homes, and property of our citizens in those States from Mexican marauders as to argue that each particular community should take care of dependent families of National Guardsmen.

Nor would one expect that New York City, which has contributed one-third of the individual income tax and one-fifth of the corporation tax, should in addition thereto provide sustenance for the dependent families of National Guardsmen who hail from New York City.

Uncle Sam is no beggar and needs no charity. A new phrase—"commercialized patriotism"—has been coined by some speakers lately. The meaning of it is that men are going to the front because they are mainly concerned with the monthly pay they are to receive as soldiers and not because they are moved by patriotic motives. The answer to such utterances is short. There is not one man who has left for the Mexican border who was not actually earning more than the Gov-

ernment pays. That in a large majority of cases the men were earning for a week's work what the Government is paying them for a month's service are facts well known to every individual who has taken any interest whatsoever in the men who compose the National Guard.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt, among other things, said yesterday:

It really is an outrage that such a system should be permitted. Under this system, illustrated by the movement of the National Guard to the Mexican border, a man whose wife and children are dependent on him is obliged to go down and leave his family behind. The system is radically wrong.

Elihu Root, about a year ago, said that many men in public life say things in haste and shortly thereafter repent. I believe that such will be the fate of those who have opposed this measure.

This bill appropriates \$2,000,000 to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War for the support of, at a cost of not more than \$50 per month, so much of said amount as the Secretary of War may deem necessary, the family of each enlisted man of the National Guard called or drafted into the service of the United States until his discharge from such service, which family during the term of service of such enlisted man has no other income, except the pay of such enlisted man, adequate for the support of such family.

It is the best piece of humanitarian legislation that this House has passed this session. It has won the approbation of men, regardless of party. Toward the eradication of sectionalism, it must indeed be deemed to have contributed its share. It has helped to keep cemented the ties that bind every man at the front to his family. It has shown the world that this Republic at least is not ungrateful to its defenders.

Mr. Speaker, there has appeared this month a poem written by Elias Lieberman that has attracted considerable attention, and it affords me great pleasure to quote it in full:

#### I AM AN AMERICAN.

I am an American.  
My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;  
My mother, to the Colonial Dames.  
One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor;  
Another stood his ground with Warren;  
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.  
My forefathers were America in the making;  
They spoke in her council halls;  
They died on her battle fields;  
They commanded her ships;  
They cleared her forests.  
Dawns reddened and paled  
Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star  
In the Nation's flag.  
Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory:  
The sweep of her seas,  
The plenty of her plains.  
The man hives in her billion-wired cities.  
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.  
I am proud of my past;  
I am an American.

I am an American.  
My father was an atom of dust,  
My mother a straw in the wind,  
To His Serene Majesty.  
One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;  
Another was crippled for life by 20 blows of the knout;  
Another was killed defending his home during the massacres.  
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The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood  
To the palace gate of the Great White Czar.

But then the dream came—

The dream of America.

In the light of the liberty torch

The atom of dust became a man

And the straw in the wind became a woman

For the first time.

"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,

"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;

It is the emblem of the promised land.

It means, my son, the hope of humanity.

Live for it—die for it!"

Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;

And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.

I am proud of my future.

I am an American.

Mr. Speaker, the naturalized American has by his actions in the past few weeks completely refuted the specious arguments advanced by some hysterical literary magazine critics that in times of emergency he would not do his duty to his adopted country. I have spoken to over 17,000 school children in New York City during the past three weeks, and there is not one who loves our institutions who would not have had his pulse quickened by the sight of these children in each instance pledging allegiance to our flag and Republic. They cherish and revere the Stars and Stripes with a deep-seated love and enthusiasm that words can not describe. To hear them sing "America, I love you," is to convey a message to you that thrills you in such a manner as to make you realize that here can be found real sentiment and not mere pretense. In every regiment that has left New York you will find some of their brothers. These boys have answered the call in 1916, the same as others responded in 1861 and in 1898.

I have no fear for the future of our country. In its hour of need brave men and boys, regardless of the place of their nativity, will willingly make any and all sacrifices our land may ever require. I am looking forward to the day when worth of the individual shall in every part of the United States be the only qualification for his advancement and devotion, to duty and love of country the sole requisites for enjoying the full benefits of American citizenship.

In the New York Times to-day appears the following poem by Lurana Sheldon, and I quote it in full:

#### THE NATURALIZED ALIEN.

The land I claim claims me!

It holds me sacredly its own, and I

For its best welfare will both fight and die

If such a sacrifice shall be

Part of the great necessity.

The land I claim has made

My chance for victory, for strong success.

In other climes my triumph would be less,

For here has freedom truly laid

Each open path of honest trade.

The land I claim has left

My hands unbound, my will at peace.

Rich are the blessings, precious the release,

From chains whose links were cleft

Ere hope my soul bereft.

The land I claim claims me,  
 And she shall find her foster soldier true  
 To this her flag, the red, the white, the blue,  
 Though kith and kin shall cross the sea  
 To call me back to loyalty.

So much has been said about the National Guardsman that I was not surprised to receive the following, entitled "The Regular Army Man," written by Sam H. Welch, United States Troop Camp, Laredo, Tex., and as it has both a grain of humor and much of truth in it I quote it at length:

He ain't no gold-lace Belvidere  
 To sparkle in the sun;  
 He don't parade with gay cockade  
 And posies in his gun.  
 He ain't no pretty soldier boy,  
 So lovely, spick, and span—  
 He wears a crust of tan and dust,  
 The Reg'lar Army man—  
 The marchin', parchin',  
 Pipe-clay starchin',  
 Reg'lar Army man.

He ain't at home in Sunday school,  
 Nor yet a social tea;  
 And on the day he gets his pay  
 He's apt to spend it free.  
 He ain't no temperance advocate—  
 He likes to fill the can;  
 He's kinder rough and maybe tough,  
 The Reg'lar Army man—  
 The rarin', tearin',  
 Sometimes swearin',  
 Reg'lar Army man.

No State will call him noble son,  
 He ain't no ladies' pet;  
 But let a row start anyhow  
 They send for him, you bet.  
 He don't cut any ice at all  
 In fashion's social plan.  
 He gets the job to face a mob,  
 The Reg'lar Army man—  
 The millin', drillin',  
 Made for killin',  
 Reg'lar Army man.

There ain't no tears shed over him  
 When he goes off to war;  
 He gets no speech or prayerful preach  
 From mayor or governor.  
 He packs his little knapsack up  
 And trots off in the van  
 To start the fight and start it right—  
 The Reg'lar Army man—  
 The rattlin', battlin',  
 Colt or Gatlin,  
 Reg'lar Army man.

He makes no fuss about the job,  
 He don't talk big or brave;  
 He knows he's in to fight and win  
 Or help fill up the grave.  
 He ain't no mamma's darling,  
 But he does the best he can;  
 And he's the chap that wins the scrap—  
 The Reg'lar Army man—  
 The dandy, tandy,  
 Cool and sandy,  
 Reg'lar Army man.

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